Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And god forgive them, that ſo much have ſwaide
Your Majeſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it,
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this al-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of god I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall performe.
I do beſeech your Majeſty may ſalve,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thouſand deathes,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſoveraine truſt herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake o
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewesbury*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this advertiſement is five dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelves will march. Our meeti
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſter-ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this l
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin ha
me like an old *Ladies* looſe gowne. I am withered li
apple-*John*. Well, i'le repent, and that ſuddenly whil